

Title: Yew Times #18

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I wanted to dedicate this issue of the Yew Times to one of our close friends, Wolfthistle, who recently returned to Britannia with his lovely wife, Ferocia. Wolf was a old member of the alliance from days gone by, whom I had just recently met. I recall him as being extremely courteous and generous to a fault, and would go the distance to help people out. We all had been preparing for the upcoming Octoberfest even in Yew, and Wolf, like many of us was very excited getting things together. Everyone was just happy to have their old comrade around again, and they spent a good deal of time showing him all the new things that came about while he was absent. Wolfthistle had just purchased a piece of real estate from an Alliance member and was very immersed in its decoration. He had invited some decor savvy friends over to help, and had tried to turn a non-rotatable item with the decorator tool, which had obviously opened a rift to the spirit world. Chests began rotating of their own accord, and those present thought we'd have the first bona fide haunted house in Britannia. All that was absent was a voice crying

"Get out!" It was just 2 days before the event. Food preparation and game planning was in full swing, and Wolf was helping a guildmate with her costume idea. I remember Wolf mentioning that he was experiencing chest pains from climbing the stairs. The following day, I greeted the group and everyone was quiet. I asked what was up, and Southern Devil told me that they were having a moment of silence. I asked for what. Southern then told me that Wolf had died the previous night. I was dumbstruck, and many of us were so disheartened, that we were considering either calling off or pushing back the event. If we moved it back any further though, we'd have to call it Novemberfest. In addition, Wolfthistle himself had been looking forward to the event and had help to make it possible. And if we knew Wolf, he wouldn't have wanted us to cancel the celebration. In the upcoming days, when the time is right, we plan to have a memorial in his honor. We will miss you, Wolfthistle.

BAGUNK MAINTAINS HOLIDAY TRADITION

Like clockwork, the Bagunk stumbled out of his cave to disperse holiday spirits to be found by the citizens of Britannia. Because the Bagunk knows what the

people want, he doesn't go for that cheap crap.

He packed his booze sack with labels like Alderman brandy, Azure Crest mist, and Lord Douchebag whiskey; making the haunting season bearable for adults worldwide.

Folklorists say that the Bagunk can take many forms, but only appears to the enebriated. To some, he might take the form of a kindly, old pensioner. To others, he may appear as a spotted and jovial gnome. A sailor even claimed that the Bagunk appeared to him and his drunken friend on the docks in the form of a hooker named Cinnamon who offered to entertain them both at the same time for the mere cost of 50 gold. However, the witness admits that he may have been mistaken because it was very dark, and he was very trashed at the time. Since the Bagunk's appearance in the land, it is not uncommon to spot carolers assembling before homes, cheeks rosy from the autumn cold and alcohol induced dilation of blood vessels, belting out the traditional favorite: The Bagunk has come to town.

Do Dah Do Dah
Leaving bottles all around
all the do dah day
Gonna drink all night
Gonna drink all day
Just put some swag
in my booze bag
Then I'll go away.
The inhabitants of Yew however, might prefer the more traditional hymn composed by a monk following an incident where the winery caught

fire during that same season.

Haunted Night, Drunken

Night

Winery on fire, what a sight!

Monks running naked what a disgrace!

Brown robes scattered all over the place.

Somebody, please save the wine.

Somebody, please save the wine.

This year, participants of the Octoberfest celebration revived the ancient tradition. Rival teams departed Yew to be the first to recover the bottles left behind by the Bagunk, using the many clues provided. Observers played trivia while awaiting news of the teams' progress.

Yellow team members Sebastian, Tsifira, and Jonahs took first place. Drunken revelers were encouraged during a lapse of sanity to crowd into a room, arm themselves with bows and fire sharp sticks into a target.

Giggle came in first place, Kuro Kura, second Blowfish, third and no casualties were reported.

Little Bo Peep came in first in the costume contest for her costume of Little Bo Peep. Her sheep came in first place for best mutton dish.

Oliver Twist and his ferret came in second for their "ferret lovers" costume idea. Tatiyana came in third for her impersonation of the Land O'Lakes Butter lady. And

finally, players with impaired reflexes and sense of balance competed to stack heavy crates. Sunwolf came in second, followed by Tatiyana in 3rd. We are not sure who came in first as Sunwolf who was keeping track, was believed to have been hit in the head by a crate resulting in a concussion and subsequent memory loss.

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The Tavern Nights dates
and locations are as
listed.

November:
11/07/11- Bramble

Rose-Malas

11/14/11-Horn of the
Unicorn 111° 27'N, 36°

46'E Trammel

11/21/11-Lotus Dojo and
Tea House-35° 26'N, 48°

9'W Zento

11/28/11-Mazewood Tavern
Co Ordinates: 60° 38'S,
25° 56'W Felucca

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